And preſently.
Wooer. She would have me ſing.
Doctor. You did ſo?
Wooer. No.
Doct. Twas very ill done then,
You ſhould obſerve her ev'ry way.
Wooer. Alas
I have no voice Sir, to confirme her that way.
Doctor. That's all one, if yee make a noyſe,
If ſhe intreate againe, doe any thing,
Lye with her if ſhe aske you.
Iaylor. Hoa there *Doctor.*
Doctor. Yes in the waie of cure.
Iaylor But firſt by your leave
I'th way of honeſtie.
Doctor. That's but a nicenesſe,
Nev'r caſt your child away for honeſtie;
Cure her firſt this way, then if ſhee will be honeſt,
She has the path before her.
Iaylor. Thanke yee *Doctor.*
Doctor. Pray bring her in
And let's ſee how ſhee is.
Iaylor. I will, and tell her
Her *Palamon* ſtaies for her: But *Doctor,*
Me thinkes you are i'th wrong ſtill. *Exit Iaylor.*
Doct. Goe, goe: you Fathers are fine Fooles: her honeſty?
And we ſhould give her phyſicke till we finde that:
Wooer. Why, doe you thinke ſhe is not honeſt Sir?
Doctor. How old is ſhe?
Wooer. She's eighteene.
Doctor. She may be,
But that's all one, tis nothing to our purpoſe,
What ere her Father ſaies, if you perceave
Her moode inclining that way that I ſpoke of
Videlicet, the *way of fleſh*, you have me.
Wooer. Yet very well Sir.
Doctor. Pleaſe her appetite
And doe it home, it cures her *ipſo facto,*

The

The mellencholly humour that infects her.
Wooer. I am of your minde *Doctor.*
Enter Iaylor, Daughter, Maide.
Docter. You'l finde it ſo; ſhe comes, pray honour her.
Iaylor. Come, your Love *Palamon* ſtaies for you childe,
And has done this long houre, to viſite you.
Daughter. I thanke him for his gentle patience,
He's a kind Gentleman, and I am much bound to him,
Did you nev'r ſee the horſe he gave me?
Iaylor. Yes.
Daugh. How doe you like him?
Iaylor. He's a very faire one.
Daugh. You never ſaw him dance?
Iaylor. No.
Daugh. I have often.
He daunces very finely, very comely,
And for a Iigge, come cut and long taile to him,
He turnes ye like a Top.
Iaylor. That's fine indeede.
Daugh. Hee'l dance the Morris twenty mile an houre,
And that will founder the beſt hobby-horſe
(If I have any skill) in all the pariſh,
And gallops to the turne of *Light a'love,*
What thinke you of this horſe?
Iaylor. Having theſe vertues
I thinke he might be brought to play at Tennis.
Daugh. Alas that's nothing.
Iaylor. Can he write and reade too.
Daugh. A very faire hand, and cafts himſelfe th'account
Of all his hay and provender: That Hoſtler
Muſt riſe betime that cozens him; you know
The Cheſtnut Mare the Duke has?
Iaylor. Very well.
Daugh. She is horribly in love with him, poore beaſt,
But he is like his maſter coy and ſcornefull.
Iaylor. What dowry has ſhe?
Daugh. Some two hundred Bottles,
And twenty ſtrike of Oates; but hee'l ne're have her;

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